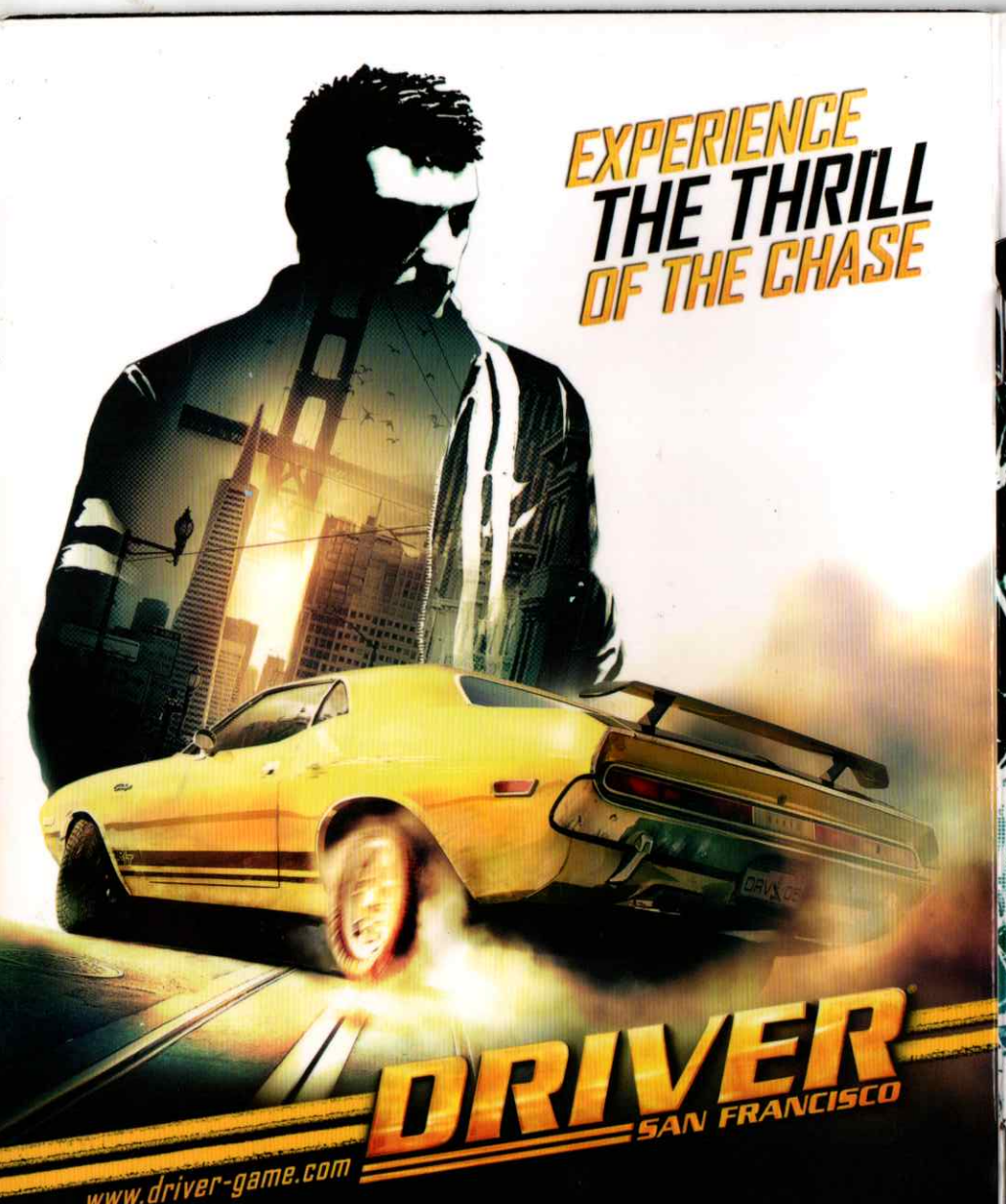

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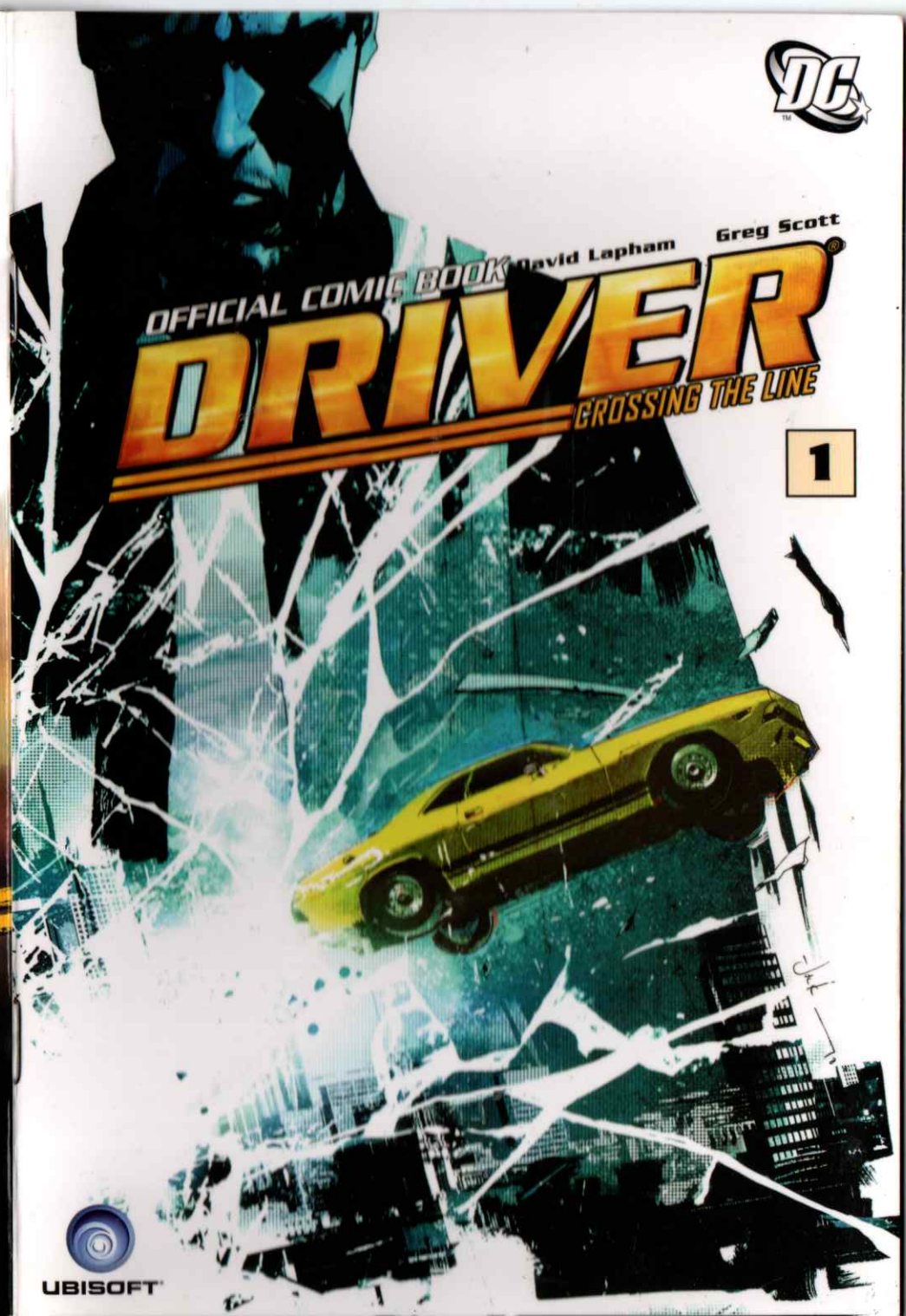

OFFICIAL COMIC BOOK

DRIVER®

CROSSING THE LINE

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Printed by Quad/Graphics, Montreal, QC, Canada. 07/22/2011.
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UBISOFT

TWO YEARS AGO I DIED.
FOR FIVE MINUTES I LAID DEAD ON THE TABLE IN A HOSPITAL IN ISTANBUL.
THIS IS THE MAN THAT KILLED ME. HIS NAME IS JERICHO.
KILLER, MOB BOSS, PSYCHOTIC. OR FROM WHERE I SIT: THE KING OF CRAP.
WHEN I WAS DEAD, THERE WAS NO WHITE LIGHT. I DIDN'T FLOAT ABOVE WATCHING THE SURGEONS WORK ON MY CORPSE. I DIDN'T SEE SAINT PETER.
THERE WAS JUST NOTHING.
THE NOTHING COMFORTS ME AT NIGHT.
BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING TO SEND THAT SON OF A BITCH JERICHO.

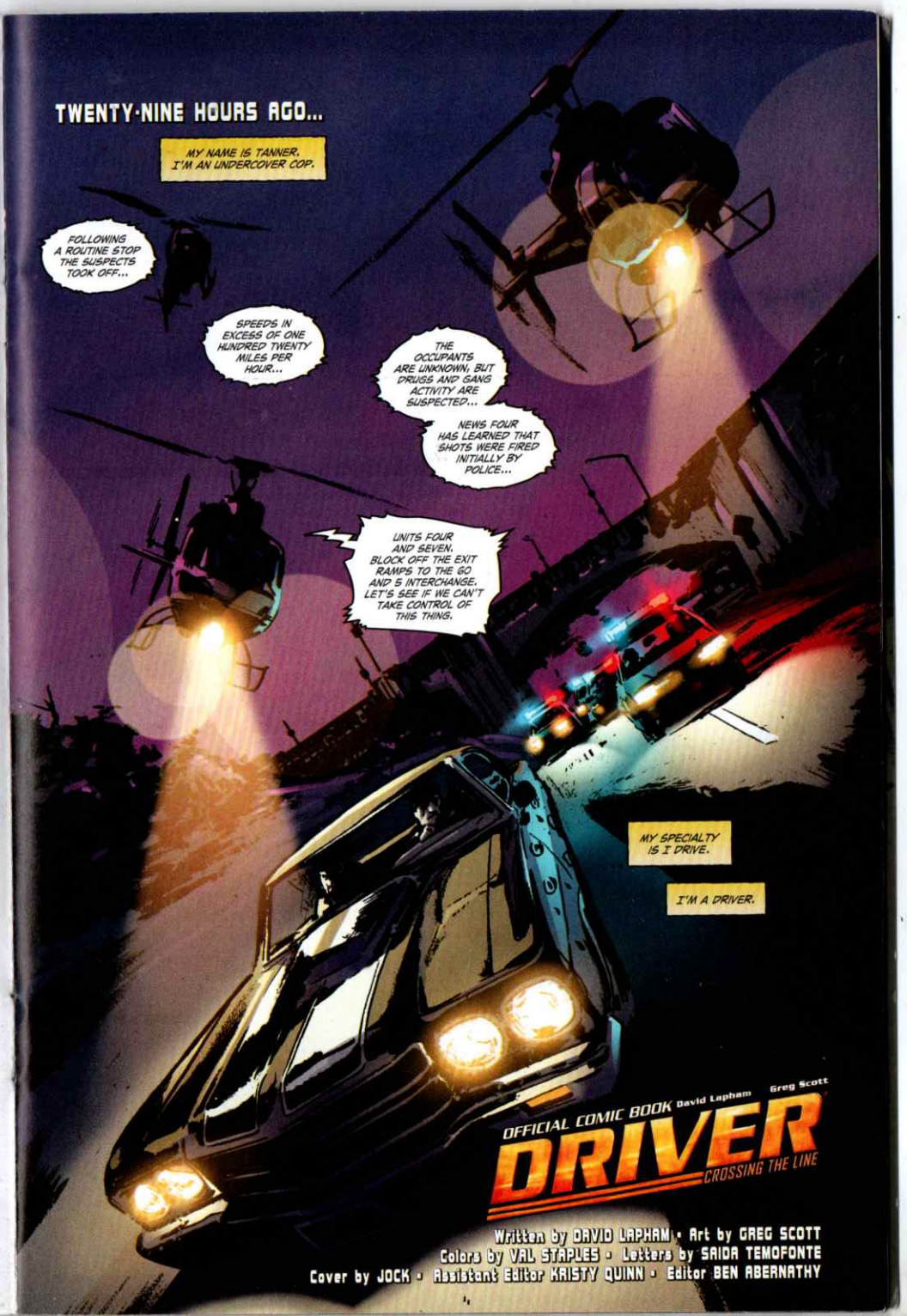
LOS ANGELES, THE PRESENT...
I'VE SPENT THE LAST NINE MONTHS WORKING MY WAY UP THE CHAIN IN JERICHO'S ORGANISATION.
THE MAN TO MY RIGHT IS KEVORK TAMIROFF. JERICHO'S NUMBER TWO MAN.
WHAT YOU THINK, MY FRIEND? WHAT WE DO WITH THIS DOG?

WE SHOOT DOGS, NO?
WHATEVER I'VE HAD TO DO. WHATEVER PIECE OF MY SOUL I'VE HAD TO KILL TO GET TO THE NEXT LINK IN THE CHAIN. I'D COME TO THAT PRECIPICE AND LET ONE THOUGHT OVERWHELM ME--
--JERICHO.

AND THEN I'D LEAP.
YOU DO IT. SHOOT HIM.
TONIGHT IT WAS THE ULTIMATE LOYALTY TEST.
MURDER.

I HADN'T DONE THAT ONE YET.
POP HIS HEAD LIKE A GRAPE.

JERICHO.
JERICHO.


TWENTY-NINE HOURS AGO...
MY NAME IS TANNER. I'M AN UNDERCOVER COP.
FOLLOWING A ROUTINE STOP THE SUSPECTS TOOK OFF...
SPEEDS IN EXCESS OF ONE HUNDRED TWENTY MILES PER HOUR...
THE OCCUPANTS ARE UNKNOWN, BUT DRUGS AND GANG ACTIVITY ARE SUSPECTED...
NEWS FOUR HAS LEARNED THAT SHOTS WERE FIRED INITIALLY BY POLICE...
UNITS FOUR AND SEVEN. BLOCK OFF THE EXIT RAMPS TO THE GO AND 5 INTERCHANGE. LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T TAKE CONTROL OF THIS THING.
MY SPECIALTY IS I DRIVE.
I'M A DRIVER.
OFFICIAL COMIC BOOK
David Lapham
Greg Scott
DRIVER
CROSSING THE LINE
Written by DAVID LAPHAM • Art by GREG SCOTT
Colors by VAL STAPLES • Letters by SAIDA TEMOFONTE
Cover by JOCK • Assistant Editor KRISTY QUINN • Editor BEN ABERNATHY

IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO GO LIKE THIS.

WHEN THE COP PULLED US OVER, VIKTOR SURPRISED ME AND TOOK A SHOT.
VIKTOR'S GOT A WARRANT ON HIM FOR JUMPING BAIL, AND HE PANICKED.

I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO RUN.
NOT IF I WANTED TO SALVAGE NINE MONTHS OF DEEP COVER.

ALL WE WERE SUPPOSED TO DO WAS PICK UP A DAMN METAL CASE FOR TONIGHT'S MEETING.

I WOULD GLADLY HAVE PAID THE INSURANCE PENALTY.
EXIT

JONES IS ON THE CELL PHONE. JONES IS MY PARTNER. MY LINK TO THE OUTSIDE.
JONES TELLS ME THE COP VIKTOR SHOT IS OKAY.

JONES TELLS ME THAT I'M ABOUT A QUARTER MILE AWAY FROM BEING ANYTHING BUT OKAY.

THEY'RE HERDING ME TO WHERE THEY WANT ME.
I KNOW I'LL NEVER BUST THE BLOCKADE.
JERICHO.

I TRADE ODDS.
CERTAIN CAPTURE OVER NEAR CERTAIN DEATH.
I TOLD YOU. I'M A DRIVER.
IT'S WHAT I DO.

THERE'S MORE ROOM TO MANOEUVRE ON THE SURFACE STREETS.

ALSO MORE CHANCE TO GET JAMMED UP.

I'VE GOT MINUTES BEFORE I'M CAPTURED OR FORCED ON FOOT.
I DON'T LIKE MY CHANCES ON FOOT.

JONES TELLS ME THERE'S A GARAGE THREE BLOCKS FROM MY POSITION.

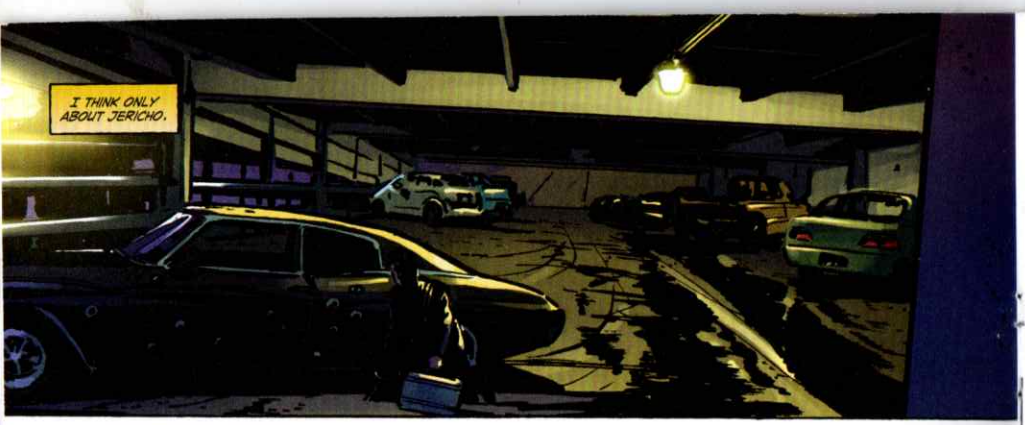
THREE BLOCKS AND ONLY ONE MORE COP.
BUT HE'S A COP WITH STONES.
JERICHO.

I'VE WORKED TOO HARD.
PAID TOO HIGH A PRICE.

JERICHO.

EIGHT SECONDS. I HIT THE GARAGE.
CHAK

PARK
I DON'T THINK ABOUT THE COP.


I THINK ONLY ABOUT JERICHO.

THUNK
"WHAT'S GOING ON HERE, OFFICER...?

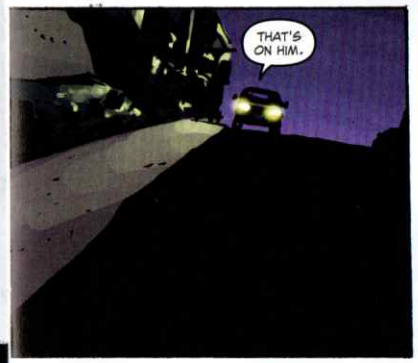
...I DIDN'T THINK STOPPING FOR TAKE-OUT WARRANTED A MANHUNT.
STEP OUT OF THE CAR, SIR. WE'RE GOING TO SEARCH THE VEHICLE. THERE'S A FUGITIVE IN THE BUILDING.
WELL, I GUARANTEE YOU HE AIN'T IN THIS CAR.

I COULD USE A FEW MORE COLLARS IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
THE NAME'S JONES.

SOON...
YOU WANT TO HEAR ABOUT THE ROOKIE YOU BLEW OFF THE ROAD BACK THERE?

NO.
HE'S--
I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT.
YOU NEED TO HEAR IT.

I'M THIS CLOSE TO TAMIROFF AND THIS CLOSE TO JERICHO--
--AND I'LL BE DAMNED IF I'M GOING TO LAY DOWN BECAUSE SOME COP'S GOT AN EASTWOOD COMPLEX!


THAT'S ON HIM.

YOU'RE LOSING YOURSELF, PARTNER.
I KNOW HOW HARD YOU'VE WORKED. BUT THERE'S A LINE, MAN. YOU CROSS THAT LINE AND YOU'RE NOT A COP ANY MORE. YOU'RE ONE OF THEM.

AND THAT AIN'T NO MATINEE MOVIE BULLSH*T. THAT'S REAL.
REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE.
I DO.

I'M THE SON OF A B*TCH WHO'S GOING TO NAIL JERICHO TO THE WALL.

U-SAVE IT
WE'RE SO SORRY YOU'LL BE LEAVING US, MR. CALLOWAY.

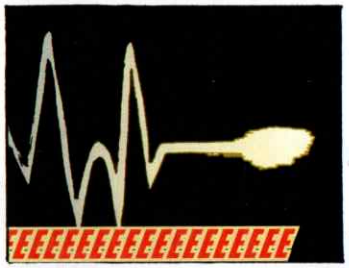
PAY U
YOU'RE PAID THROUGH THE FIRST.
THAT'S OKAY. I'LL BE GONE TODAY.
...OFFICER REMAINS IN CRITICAL CONDITION THIS MORNING AFTER LAST NIGHTS DRAMATIC CHASE...

...OFFICER POWERS' WIFE AND BABY SON REMAIN BY HIS SIDE AFTER EARLIER ISSUING A PLEA TO ANYONE WITH INFORMATION ON THE DRIVER WHO REMAINS AT LARGE.

PLEASE... SOMEBODY KNOWS SOMETHING...I'M BEGGING YOU. DO THE RIGHT THING...
I'M NOT GOING TO LIE.

IT'S NOT EASY. AT TIMES IT'S DAMN NEAR IMPOSSIBLE.
JERICHO.
WHEN EVEN THE END GAME IS NOT ENOUGH. SOMETIMES YOU NEED SOMETHING MORE...

YOU NEED A LIFELINE.


EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

NNN-UHH!

UNHH!
UNHH!

BEEP
BEEEP

BEEEEEEP

YEAH?
I'LL BE THERE IN TWO HOURS.
JERICHO.

I PICK UP TAMIROFF IN LITTLE ARMENIA ON THE WAY TO THE MEETING WITH TREY.
TREY IMPORTS JERICHO'S HEROIN. WE PAY TREY AND TAKE POSSESSION OF THE DRUGS. SWEET AND SIMPLE.
THIS IS--WHAT DO THEY SAY--ONE SWEET MOTHER OF A RIDE, MY FRIEND.
WELCOME TO LITTLE ARMENIA
NO STOPPING ANY TIME
LIQUOR

I DISLIKE TAMIROFF INSTANTLY.
IT'S NOT ALWAYS THIS WAY. SOME OF THESE GUYS ARE QUITE CHARMING.
YOUR RADIO NEEDS SOME WORK, EH? MY COUSIN OWNS THE BEST SHOP IN WHOLE CITY. HE GET YOU GOOD PRICE ON WHOLE NEW SYSTEM.
I HAVE THIS IN MY RIDE. IT'S ALL CUSTOM. SOUNDS LIKE YOU HAVE ORCHESTRA IN BACK SEAT.
HIS SHOW IS HALF HIM, HALF TO SEE IF HE CAN PUSH MY BUTTONS.
TEST MY MEASURE.

MY WHEELS-- EVERYTHING CUSTOM. SO FAST, THEY BUILD A RAMP, IT GO TO THE MOON.

THE SEATS. ALL CUSTOM. ITALIAN LEATHER.
MY INSTINCTS ARE NEAR PERFECT BEHIND THE WHEEL.

THEY PUT REFRIGERATOR IN--
I TAKE IN EVERYTHING.

THREE HUNDRED SIXTY DEGREES.
BRATTT
RRRRRRRRRRRR

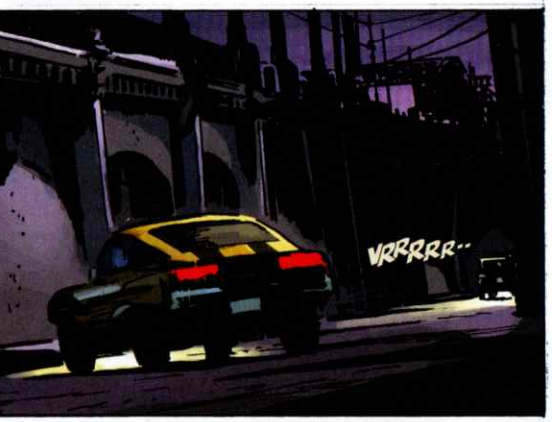
AHHHH!
WHAT THE GODDA--
GET DOWN!

BRATATATAT

RRRRRT..

AWW, MAN. WHERE'D THEY--
JUST DRIVE. DRIVE!

WE'RE SCREW--
SHUT UP.


VRRRRR--

I TAKE CARE OF THIS.

AK-47. FULL CUSTOMIZED. TWO BARRELS. 12.7MM CALIBER ROUNDS. GRENADE. LASER SIGHTING WITH--

YEAH, YEAH...

I DON'T SEE THEM. WHAT DO WE DO?
CALL IN.

I'M NOT CALLING. YOU CAN CALL.
I'LL FLIP YOU-- OH, GOD!

HA HA HA HA HA

WAIT! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE--
AHH-AHHHH!

KRRRASHHH
RRRRRRRR--

I BE BACK.
DON'T...
COPS.
WHEEEEEEEOOO

BETWEEN GURGLES AND SQUEALS, TEARS, AND WHIMPERS, I GET THAT TREY HAD BEEN SKIMMING OFF JERICHO FOR MONTHS.
HE GOT WIND TAMIROFF WAS HERE TO OUT HIM, AND DID THE ONLY THING HE COULD.

BUT MOSTLY I KEPT KICKING TO AVOID WHAT I KNEW HAD TO HAPPEN NEXT.
WHAT YOU THINK, MY FRIEND? WHAT WE DO WITH THIS DOG?

WE SHOOT DOGS, NO?

YOU DO IT. SHOOT HIM.
SO HERE I AM. A HAIR'S BREADTH FROM JERICHO.
THE MAN WHO KILLED ME AND SO MANY OTHERS.
AND ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PUT A BULLET IN THE BRAIN OF A WORTHLESS DRUG DEALER.

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS MURDER.
JERICHO...

KEVORK TAMIROFF, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

I KNEW IT.

YOU BLEW IT, MISTER POLICE OFFICER. YOU BLEW YOUR WHOLE OPERATION OVER A PIECE OF CRAP ON YOUR SHOE.
NO GUTS. NOTHING. YOU ARE NOTHING!
YOU THINK I'M AFRAID OF PRISON? EH? I COULD USE NICE VACATION.

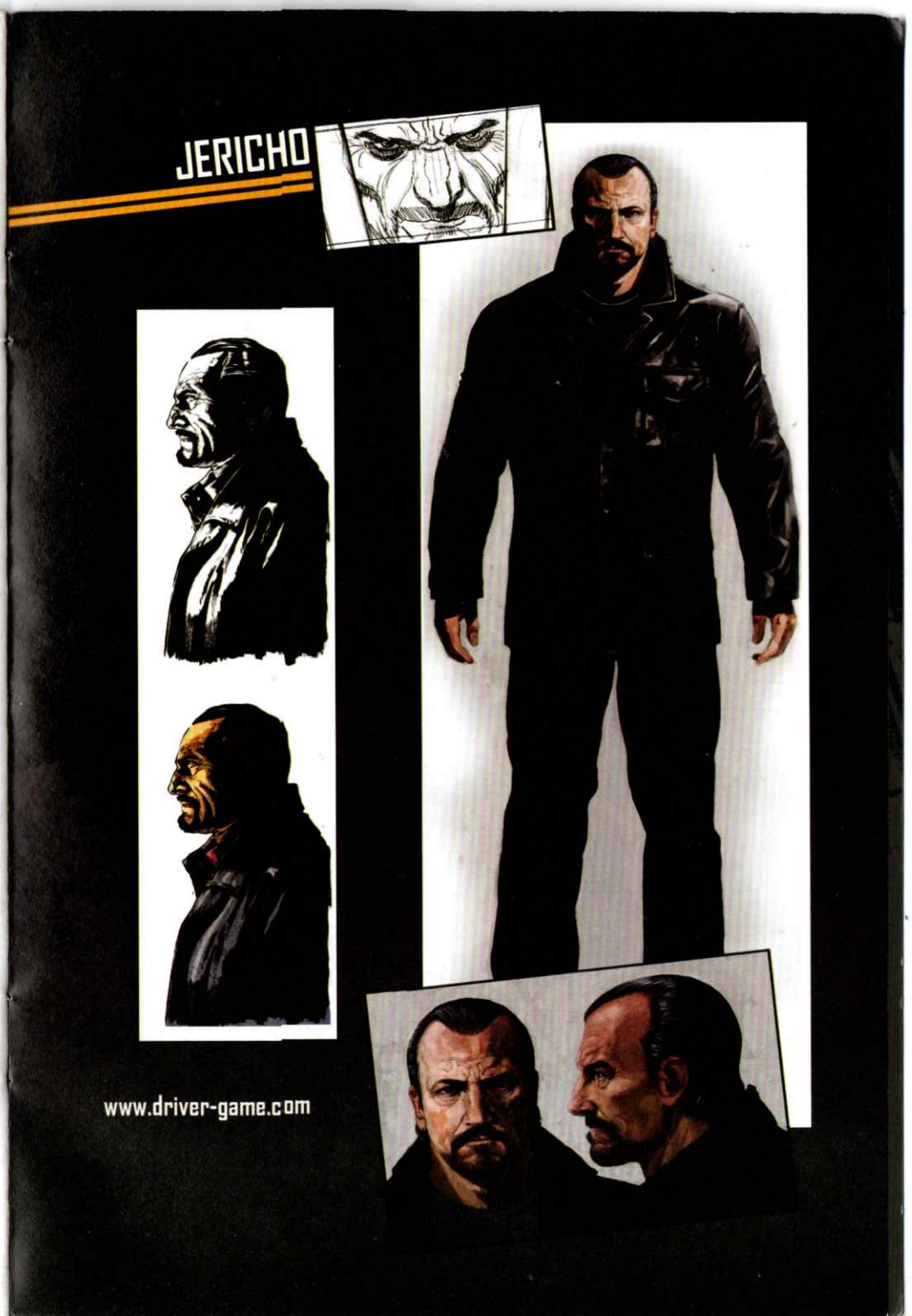
PTEW

MY WHEELS COULD SMOKE THAT PIECE OF CRAP!
YOU'LL HAVE TO GET THAT DETAILED.

LOOK, MAN, DON'T LET HIM GET TO YOU. WE'LL FIND ANOTHER WAY. YOU DID WHAT YOU HAD TO.

YOU'RE A COP. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE HARDER. IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE RIGHT...
JONES GOES ON AND ON, AND EVERYTHING HE SAYS IS THE WAY IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE.
AFTER A WHILE I SMILE AND LET HIM THINK I BELIEVE HIM.

BUT INSIDE I COULDN'T HELP FEELING TAMIROFF WAS RIGHT.
YOU CAN'T GET GUYS LIKE JERICHO BY THE RULES.
AND THAT THOUGHT SCARED ME-- BECAUSE AS SURE AS I KNEW ANYTHING IN THIS WORLD, I KNEW ONE THING.
I KNEW THAT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER I WAS GOING TO GET JERICHO.
THE END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